

The GHOST of TOM ROSS To his Pupil the D. of Monmouth.

Shame of my Life, Disturber of my Tomb,
Base as thy Mothers Prostituted Womb ;
Huffing to Cowards, fawning to the Brave,
To Knaves a Fool, to credulous Fools a Knave,
The King's Betrayer, and the Peoples Slave.

Like SAMUEL at the Necromantick Call,
I rise to tell thee, *God has left thee, Saul* ;
I strive in vain thy *Infected Blood* to cure,
Streams will run muddy where the *Spring's Impure*.
In all Your meritorious Life we see
Old TAFF'S invincible Sobriety.
Places of the *Master of the Horse*, and *Spy*,
You (like *Tom Howard*) did at once supply :
From SYDNEY's Blood Your Loyalty did spring ;
You shew us all your Fathers but the KING,
From whose too tender and too bounteous arms,
(Unhappy He who such a Viper warms ;
As Dutiful a Subject, as a Son,)
To Your true Parents the whole Town you run,
Read if you can, how th'old Apostate fell,
Out-do his Pride, and Merit more than Hell :
Both He and You were gloriously bright,
The First and Purest of the Sons of Light :
But when like Him you offer'd at the Crown,
Like Him, your angry Father kickt you down.

F I N I S.